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Shakespeare: Alternate Stories

[change-a-scene](#) [shakespeare](#)

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Chapter 1 by -

William Shakespeare is an internationally acclaimed play writer. But in these chapters, I would like you to pick any scene from one of his works, and change the ending or give it a plot twist. Have fun and use your imagination!

ENTER HAMLET:

To be, or not to be? That is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die, to sleep—

ENTER OPHELIA:

Good my lord,
How does your honor for this final day?

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HAMLET

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I humbly thank you. Well well well.

OPHELIA:

No, my good lord.

Maiden lunges at Hamlet.

HAMLET:

No, not I. I never gave you aught!

Hamlet breathes his last.

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MACBETH

Macbeth was a soldier of an army lead by King Duncan. Afraid that the prophecy of him becoming the ruler of Scotland won't happen, he himself killed King Duncan due to the persuasion of Lady Macbeth.

The two royal sons fled to avoid being accused of murdering their own father. Thus, Macbeth was successfully throned as the new King of Scotland.

With him having the throne, external factors threatened not only his position but also his life. He seeked the help of the three witches to foresee his future.

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camouflage pants and their plain black shirt. A woman in her mid 30's carried a bottle of water and tried to reach it to her husband but only received a stare.

"Not until break time," Macbeth whispered.

Oh how we used to be like that.

"I did not grieve for your loss that time," he said as if someone was listening. "I'm such a fool."

He stood up and found himself grabbing something from the drawer. He slipped vintage pictures out from a tiny box covered in white cloth.

He stared at the photos earnestly. Tears started blocking his vision. Those were images of him and Lady Macbeth when she was still alive.

Macbeth heard footsteps from afar followed by a knock. He quickly wiped his face.

What a shame if someone sees me like this!

"Come in," he finally said.

A servant in her black and white clothes entered the room with a tray of food and placed it on his desk.

"Your honor," she bowed, "Lord Malcolm and Lord Macduff are on their way here with a large group of army. The elders have instructed to take your meal as fast as you can and then go directly to the armory as to prepare for war."

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Everything was lost because of power... because of greed.

He flipped the picture and saw an image of himself carried by his father in his arms, crying. At the most back portion was his mother lying down on a wooden bed together with the former elders who were beside her. His mother's expression was in pain while the elders extended their hands on her, probably as an offer to console or comfort.

I want to end this now.

"I'm sorry mom, I'm sorry dad. I never wanted to do this. But I can't stay like this either."

Sorry.

He picked up the knife from the tray and pointed it to his chest. He started trembling and crying. His hand was shaking, making cuts on his cloth. That just shows how sharp the knife he was holding. Though he knew what would happen, he was still frightened if this was the best thing to do.

All they want is my head.

They cannot kill me though.

I'll do the honor for them.

He allowed himself to gain a momentum by pushing back the knife and then stabbing it directly to his heart.

With his hands still locked on the knife, his knees bended and his body fell on his side.

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A few days later, we'll continue with the story of Macbeth and the final killing of Macbeth.

No one knew the reason why Macbeth killed himself. They supposed that like his wife, Macbeth became insane, complementary to the rumors that he had seen Banquo's ghost in a feast, his best friend who had died before him.

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The three witches gathered on their usual place.

"Guess what, Macbeth has fallen!"

Shrieking and laughter filled the air. Their voices were as low as birds that anyone who heard them were left irritated.

"Really? What an idiot!"

Another round of chuckling happened.

The eldest witch held a photo stained with blood. That was the picture of Macbeth and his parents. He failed to look at the stitches of her mother, the reason why she looked in pain.

"Tee-hee-hee-hee! He was not a woman born at all! He just drew his own fate."



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